The Humorous BITES of the World.

Bite upon Bite, Bite as Bite can;
He that Bites cleaneſt, is thought the beſt Man.

ALL you that ſtand by, I would have you
draw nigh,
I will ſing you a ſong without e'er a lie:
It is all upon Bitings, the like you ne'er ſaw,
From the politic heads to the leaſt in the law.

From the beſt of the town, that reſort to the
crown,
To the learned in law, to the rakes up-and-down,
From uncle to couſin, to ſiſter and brother,
I will tell you in brief how they bite each other.

The bailiffs you know, they will bite to the quick,
And if you don't bleed, they will ſoon make you
ſick;
Then you may in priſon long weep and complain,
But there are ſome others can bite you again.

The baker he bites in the bread that we eat,
The butcher he bites us again in our meat,
The brewer he bite's in the beer that is made:
Thus biting of late is become a meer trade,

The ſhoemaker bites, and is bit by the man,
There is bite one another, and bite as bite can,
The poor bite the rich, and the rich bite the
poor:
Such practice of biting was ne'er known before.

The taylor he bites the proud ſpark in his
cloaths,
The ſpark bites the taylor when from him he
goes,
And gives him no money for what he has done:
So they bite one another as clear as the ſun.

The weaver he bites us likewiſe in our yarn,
The miller he bites us again in our corn:
Thus biting of late is ſo much in faſhion,
I think it will ſpread throughout the whole na-
tion.

Here is wrangling and jangling and going to law,
The rich will fall out with the poor for a ſtraw.
There are maids with their modeſty make a great
rout,
And whores about honeſty often fall out.

There are biters and ſharpers that live by their
wit,
That cheat honeſt men out of all they can get:
So they can but have it whenever they call,
They care not who ſuffers, the devil pay all.

The doctor, indeed, I had like to have forgot,
He, as well as the reſt, has a hand in the plot:
He ſwears he can cure you all, I proteſt,
But you'll find him a bite ſir, as well as the reſt.

You will find it in vain to ſigh and complain,
Thoſe that bite you once, they will bite you again,
Then how can we imagine our nation ſhould
thrive,
When this trade of biting we daily contrive.

So now to conclude with the words of a friend,
Let all wicked bitings be brought to an end:
Let's be juſt in our dealings, and practice no ill,
For honeſty is the beſt policy ſtill.

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